

## Better late than never... by elfrude

**Category:** Stranger Things - Fandom, byeler - Fandom

**Genre:** Byeler - Freeform, Fluff, M/M, New Years, Older AU, byler

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Byeler, Mike x Will, Will x mike, byler - Relationship, will byers and mike wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-01-22

**Updated:** 2017-01-22

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 00:22:03

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,785

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

New years eve is coming up and Will's feeling blue, when someone he didn't expect to see enters his childhood room.

## **Better late than never...**

New years eve was just around the corner when Will found himself sulking on top of his old bed. The rest of the house was full of bright lights and his family's happy cheers as they decorated every inch of the living room for the upcoming party — but behind Will's closed bedroom door it was dark and gloomy as the tunes from U2's 'With or without you' came pouring from the old record player across the room. He stared with empty eyes at the ceiling, completely unaffected by the laughter from the other side of the door to his old room.

Will usually loved New years eve- infact; it was his favorite time of the year. With delicious food, beautiful fireworks and everyone dressing up. The stress caused by Christmas slowly subsided and promises of a fresh start filled the air. It was a time for hope and new beginnings; but this time around, Will found himself utterly hopeless. Every year since as long as he could remember, his childhood friends would get together and celebrate. Regardless of how far away they were or how long it had been since they last saw each other- they always had New years eve. This year, however- Michael Wheeler would be absent for the first time ever and Will hated it. He hadn't seen his best friend in over three months and missing him was becoming unbearable.

He grunted in frustration and turned to face the wall when there was a soft knock on the door. Will ignored it, knowing it was his worried mother wanting to check on him yet again.

- "I told you to leave me alone" he said to the wall when he heard the door slowly opening.

- "Wow, Jonathan said you were in a bad mood, but I never would've thought it was THIS bad." said a voice that so clearly wasn't his mother's.

Will sat straight up and stared wide eyed at the gangly, black haired young man by the door. His heart was suddenly pounding, both from happiness and nervousness.

- "M-Mike? W-what are you doing here?" he stuttered. "I... I thought you were spending New years with El?"

Mike sighed and smiled, but it wasn't a happy one. He slowly walked over and laid down on the bed beside his best friend and with eyes locked at the ceiling. Will laid down to do the same, a puzzled look on his face. After a few moments of silence, Mike finally found the courage to speak.

- "We broke up." he said plainly. Will turned his eyes to Mike in shock.

- "You, what???" he exclaimed. "But you seemed so happy together? What the hell happened?"

Mike just shrugged, falling into silence once again. This wasn't the first time the two were lying on a bed talking about the hardships of life. When they hung out with Lucas and Dustin things were more frivolous and goofy; but as soon as Mike and Will were alone, deep conversations would take the place of stupid jokes and nerd-talk. They talked about everything there was to talk about; like what they wanted to do with their future, the meaning of life — or how Mike was going to ask El to be his girlfriend. That last conversation had been particularly difficult for Will, but being the great friend he was; he still gave any advice he could think of and Mike and El soon ended up being an official couple.

Mike's dark eyes had never looked so dejected before. They filled Will with such worry, he had to look away for a while to calm down.

- "You know you can tell me anything, Michael." he said with a soft voice.

Mike laughed, short but appreciative- though it sounded more like an exhale and than a laugh.

- "I know. I guess we just..." he paused for a second, eyes flickering as if he was expecting to find the right words to say floating in the air above him. "I guess we just wanted different things."

Will wasn't sure what he meant by that, but accepted the answer without investigating any further. If Mike wanted to talk about it- he knew he would.

- "Are you okay?" Will asked instead, looking for eye contact with his taller friend. When Mike finally turned his head to look at him with his big, night sky colored eyes, Will could feel every single drop of blood in his body rushing to his cheeks and ears. Mike didn't seem to notice however.

- "Yeah, I think I am actually?" he replied, almost as if he was just realizing it himself. "I mean; I love her to bits, but... it was just something there. Something that was missing and I think we both started to feel it."

Will nodded, deep in thought. They were both quiet for a few minutes. What was it that had been missing? Will asked himself. But before he could ask out loud, Mike quickly changed the direction of the conversation.

- "So how's it going for you, buddy?" he said with a teasing but loving smile. "Found anyone yet?"

He punched Will's arm playfully and Will pretended it hurt while trying his best to fight back. The little fight soon developed to a full on wrestling game, but with Will being so much smaller than his gigantic, freckled friend- he was destined to lose. They laughed as they once again laid down beside each other on the bed, but Will noticed they were even closer this time. His heart almost stopped when his eyes met Mike's serious gaze.

- "Well, you know..." he started, nervous from having Mike lying so close. "Not really... I mean, no one would be interested in me anyways, so what's the point haha..."

Mike turned to his back with a heavy sigh, shaking his head slightly.

- "You're an idiot sometimes, do you know that?"

Will was confused.

- "I'm, what..?"

- "You're such an amazing person, William. I've never ever in my life met anyone like you. So pure and kind and gentle with literally everyone; even those who don't deserve it. So beautiful, yet obviously unaware of it. So incredibly talented too."

Will almost swallowed his tongue in surprise.

- "Y-you think I'm beautiful..?"

He whispered, for the nervous beating of his heart seemed to have stolen his ability to speak. Without saying another word, Mike turned over to Will, slowly shuffled even closer and put a warm hand on Will's upper arm. Will thought he might die from cardiac arrest at any given second. Filling and emptying his lungs had suddenly become a difficult task that he constantly had to remind himself of in order not to stop breathing completely.

Mike's hand was gently playing with Will's hair, his eyes softly followed his moves. Will swallowed nervously as Mike let his fingers run through it.

- "I guess it's better that way though." he said after a long silence. "You being single."

Will's body felt as if it was chained to the bed below him, still his head was floating around in space and he couldn't seem to grip a single reasonable thought.

Mike's hand slowly went from Will's hair to softly stroking his cheek, with his thumb slightly touching the corner of his mouth.

Mike continued in a soft but firm voice:

- "I'd probably get too jealous if you weren't."

Mike was finally able to look away from Will's lips and looked him

straight in the eyes instead — and Will could feel his heart literally skipping a beat. He didn't know what to say, couldn't find a single word in his vocabulary that could possibly make sense of all of this.

Here he was, the boy Will had been secretly crushing on since he was a kid; lying in front of him, telling him he'd be jealous if Will was with someone else. Telling him he was gentle and beautiful. Beautiful. He, Michael Wheeler, was lying so close Will could see every single freckle on his pale, beautiful face; like a constellation of stars. Yet he could not believe it.

Surely this was all a dream, that was the only sensible explanation.

- "We broke up because we wanted different things, William." Mike repeated in a low voice. "We broke up because I..." Mike froze for a second before continuing: - "I wanted you."

And before Will could grasp what was happening, Mike leaned forward with a look on his face that seemed to ask for permission to continue with what he intended to do. Will's eyes must've sparkled as he leaned forward and let his lips meet with Mike's, half opened.

The kiss was soft and sweet at first; but soon turned passionate and almost desperate- as an explosion of suppressed feelings from the two boys. As if they were trying to make up for all the time they had lost- only dreaming to do this, but in reality never could or had the courage to.

With strong arms; one around Will's waist and then other on his back, Mike pressed him even closer; so close they could barely breathe anymore.

But Will just gasped with ecstasy as he put his hands on the sides of the dark haired boy's face in attempt to remove any space between them.

This had been a silly daydream of Will's many times before, the idea of making out with Mike Wheeler. He had shaken his head everytime, telling himself he was stupid for fantasising about something that so obviously NEVER would happen.

Yet here he was — lips locked with Mike, passionately kissing as if the outside world didn't even exist anymore. As if this was what they had been meant to do all along.

Will's heart fluttered with happiness and he smiled through the kissing. Mike pulled back to breathe, but was still close enough for Will to feel his breath in his lips. Both boys smiled shyly at the other. Mike blushed and gave Will another kiss, shorter and lighter this time, before looking into his big, warm eyes.

- "I'm in love with you, William Byers. I'm so in love with you. And have been for longer than I'd like to admit." he smiled, as a flash of guilt ran across his face. "I'm sorry for taking so long to realize it."

But Will just kissed him, grabbing hold of Mike's thick, dark hair on the back of his head. He paused for just a second.

- "Better late than never, I guess." he smiled teasingly, before his lips once again pressed against Mike's, not wanting to leave them for a second. He moved half an inch away from Mike's face and grinned. "I'm in love with you too, Michael Wheeler. So damn in love..."